



Our Young Folks



WHEN THE GOAT WAS KING.

A MECHANICAL TOY MELODRAMA.—By JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON.

Readers of last week's Young Folks' Section were shown how to make a small pasteboard theater in which plays may be given with mechanical toys. The first of the toy plays was also published last week. Here is another play which may be given with mechanical toys. If the children of one family have not all the toys required to give the play, a small club of the children of one neighborhood may be formed, each member of which can bring some of the toys needed. The theater, made of pasteboard and light boards, has no floor.

The wings are open, and from these the children who are giving the play manage the toys. The theater is placed on a table so that the toys may run easy over the smooth boards. The table and the theater should be quite large, so that the toys may have room to run. Curtains should be hung at either side of the table so as to conceal the children operating the toys.

When it is necessary to have the toys stop on the stage to make speeches, they can be controlled from the wings by means of strings. The speeches are made by the children in the wings.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

William I.....King of Goatville
Mouse.....Prime Minister to William I
Pig.....An Enemy to the King
Dog.....A Conspirator
Bear and Tiger.....Councilors of State
Lord Elephant.....
Pretender to Throne of Toyland
Prince Lion.....
Rightful Heir to Throne of Toyland
Cats, Cows and Geese of Goatland, and
Wild Animals of the Forest of Toyland, etc.

ACT I.

Before the shanty of the Widow Glen-

of Goatville. He butted me from the parlor to the kitchen, from the kitchen into the yard, and now he butts me from the yard into the alley.

Dog—Tom, the Widow's son, might help us.

Pig—Since Tom has grown up he rides the Goat at Lodge meetings.

Dog—You are a strong creature. Why don't you challenge the Goat to a duel? I'll be your second.

Pig—You'll be the first over the fence. You'll leave me on the ground with my ribs broken.

Dog—You have spare ribs, haven't you?

Cat—Why don't you have the largest animal in the world to help you to get rid of this tyrant Goat?

Dog—The Cow is afraid of him, too.

Cat—You are ignorant, Dog. The Elephant is bigger than twenty Cows.

Pig—Let the Elephant fight him, then.

All—Send for the Elephant!

Pig—I'll tell Lord Elephant that Goat called him a pachyderm.

All—Down with the Goat!

Goat (sticks his head out at left.)
Goat (aside)—I'll back away and take a good run.

All—Death to all Goats!

Goat—Enter goat, butts animals off the stage and re-enters.)

Goat—Whew! That was warm work.

(Enter Mouse.)

Mouse—Noble Goat!

Goat—Well, you poor little insignificant bunch of fur! Did you see me clear away that crowd? There is nothing that helps one get along in the world as well as a hard head.

Mouse (aside)—Except brains.

Goat—What did you say?

Mouse—I said that if I had my way I

Goat—You were saying, Mouse?

Mouse—I remarked that I hoped the cheese was as strong as you.

Goat—Ha! ha! What a stupid little fellow you are! Come, we must hurry.

(Enter Mouse and Goat.)

(Enter Bear and Tiger. Bear carries a pole with a gift paper crown on it.)

Tiger—I was sure that I saw him going around the corner.

Bear—He will be back soon, I guess. Let us wait here.

Tiger—That was a clever trick of yours. The dying King Lion said: "My heir has a beard; he is a hard-headed

young scamp." You hit him on the mouth.

Bear—Hush! Circus posters have ears. Don't you dare to say I hastened the death of the old King.

Tiger—Don't worry, Prince Lion may have a beard, and he may be hard-headed, but you and I shall have a ruler with whom we can do what we please.

Bear—An old Goat is a better king than a young Lion.

Tiger—Ha, Ha, Bear! Here comes our King. Oh, what a King!

(Enter Goat.)

Tiger—We hail thee, noble King of Beasts.

Bear—For you, O Monarch! this gold crown I bear.

Tiger—Come, your Majesty. We, your humble counselors, wait to take you to your forest throne. Your old father, King Lion, is dead.

Goat—It is as I expected, humble creatures. I shall go with you, servant Bear and humble Tiger, and with me I shall take my Minister of State, Baron Mouse.

Tiger—We greet thee, mighty Mouse. Bear—Your servants ever, O noble King and illustrious Minister of State!

Goat advances to the front of stage. Enter other animals and group about him.)

Goat—I am come into my own. I William I, of Goatville, from this day forth the King of Beasts shall be.

All—Long live the King!

(Curtain.)

ACT II.

In the jungle of Toyland.—Discovered: Goat seated on his throne, with Prime Minister Mouse near him.

Goat—H'm, Tiger, what is this story

would make you King of Beasts. You look like a Lion.

Goat—So I have been told. If I were King I would make you Prime Minister. You are a civil Mouse, if you don't amount to much. Come down to the grocery store. I'll get you some cheese parings.

Mouse—Nothing would please me more. (Aside) He looks about as much like a Lion as I do like a fried egg.

Goat—That won't do any good. He is one of the family now.

Pig—Before that Goat came here I lived in the parlor, and Billy Goat became Billy Goat and said he was King

of Goatville. He butted me from the parlor to the kitchen, from the kitchen into the yard, and now he butts me from the yard into the alley.

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Mouse (aside)—Except brains.

Goat—What did you say?

Mouse—I said that if I had my way I

I hear that you are plotting against me? Tiger—It is false, your Majesty. None like you more than I. I could eat you.

(Enter Pig, as herald, followed by Dog and other animals of Goatville.)

Pig—in the name of Lord Elephant, I challenge William I, King of Goatville and Emperor of Toyland, to mortal combat.

Goat—What does this mean, Baron?

Mouse—It means that you must fight the Elephant or he will take your crown.

Goat—Tell the puny little Elephant that I shall fight him as soon as he is ready.

Mouse—Animals, give three cheers for your warlike King.

Animals—Hip, hip, hooray! Oh, how brave and noble is our king!

(Curtain.)



ACT III.

Jungle of Toyland. Discovered: Animals at back of stage.

Tiger—It will be the last of the Goat. Bear—I'm afraid the Elephant will be harder for us to manage.

(Enter Goat, with Mouse at his back.)

Goat—This is my last day, Mouse. I'll be crushed to a jelly.

Mouse—Don't be afraid. Trust me. (Enter Elephant, with Pig on his back.)

Tiger—Are you ready? Then fight. (Elephant trembles and shakes and tries to back out.)

Elephant—Oh, Samson Mouse, don't kill me. Don't crawl in my ears. I'll be your slave.

Mouse—If you hurt the Goat, I'll do my worst.

Goat—Run against Elephant and knock him back.

Pig—Oh, fool that I was not to remember that elephants are afraid of mice!

(Goat butts Elephant off stage.)

(Enter Prince Lion.)

Lion—It has been a long journey. I've just heard of my old father's death. I have come for my own.

All—Hail to the young Lion, our king! (Re-enter Goat and Mouse. They start in surprise at sight of Lion.)

Lion (roaring)—Who is this creature with my father's crown?

Mouse—It is the humble Goat, who saved your kingdom from the Elephant.

Goat—I give back the crown, my King.

Lion—Thanks, my humble friend. I make you captain of artillery. And you, illustrious Mouse, I appoint my prime minister of state.

Animals—Long live the Lion, our king! (Curtain.)

ACT IV.

The old patriarch was still sufficiently strong to dig up whole bricks, heavy stones and entire sunflower plants.

Methuselah knew that it was almost time for his six-month winter nap to begin, and already his cousins, the mud turtles of whom there are many—the painted mud turtle, the map turtle, the speckled tortoise, and the diamondback terrapin—had gone into their mudholes for the winter. He knew that in the far-off forest the frost grapes must be ripe, and from time immemorial this had been the sign by which he and his forefathers had discovered when it was time to go into the earth for the winter.

Always since they had come into the garden to live Methuselah and John had gone into winter quarters together, and after six months' sleep they had come out together and appeared in the garden on the same spring day.

Presently John's patience was rewarded. Methuselah started up and began to go slowly zigzagging around the garden. John followed in his wake, for it was the annual "walk-around" which all turtles make, to look for a soft place for winter quarters.

Almost at the same moment John and he began to burrow. They were not so close as to interfere with each other, and neither paid any attention to his companion. They dug away steadily until they had almost reached the frost-line; then they turned and mounted again to the outside world.

It was their last glimpse of outdoors for six months. But they wasted no time on sentiment. Each turtle poised himself on the edge of his hole, shut his shell up tight, and deliberately fell over, head first, into his winter bed.

Having performed this act, his labors were by no means at an end. Down in the hole he began digging again very industriously, until he had gotten well below the frost-line. Then again he drew

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A RAGGED CHRISTMAS HERO.

By FRANCIS A SCHNEIDER.

Kid O'Grady, wrapping his tattered little jacket about him and holding it together over his chest, for it was guileless of buttons, and the night air was raw and penetrating, scurried down Crooked Alley and out into the big thoroughfare upon which it opens. He did not wish to remain at home, for, it being Christmas Eve, Mr. and Mrs. O'Grady were engaged in a celebration of more than usual magnitude.

As the hours crept on, the crowds in the streets thinned, the lights in the shop windows were lowered and Kid, after hunting diligently, found a place to sleep in a less frequented quarter of the town.

As the night waned a chill wind arose

and going to one of them, softly turned the slats and looked eagerly into the great room beyond. It was dimly lighted by a low-turned gas jet and the remains of a log fire that smoldered on the hearth, but Kid could distinguish nearly all the objects in it, and that which particularly attracted him was a splendid Christmas tree, on which hung all manner of beautiful toys and bright balls and tinsel that gleamed softly in the dim light.

Something very unusual was happening in the nursery of the big stuccoed house through whose library window Kid gazed so eagerly. Arthur, aged six, son and heir of the House of Rankin, had arisen from his crib in the gray dawn and was tiptoeing across the room, looking back warily from time to time at his sleeping nurse.

break away more of the glass, and through the aperture thus made he squeezed his little body, heedless of his cut and bleeding hands and arms.

Once, a long time before, Kid had seen a policeman rush to the rescue of his mother, who had upset a kerosene lamp over herself, and, wrapping her in a piece of old carpet, smothered the flames. Thinking to try the same experiment, he caught up the hearth rug and threw it about the child, who at this instant found its voice and uttered a piercing shriek.

"Don't be skeered; it's only me, Kid O'Grady. I'll put yer out!" cried the boy.

An instant later Mr. Rankin, hurrying into the room, came upon a strange sight. A ragged little boy, covered with



"IT'S ONLY ME, KID O'GRADY. I'LL PUT YOU OUT."

and Kid awoke shivering. He looked at the stars and at the red crescent moon appearing over the tops of the houses, and then he stepped softly into the street and set off at a brisk run to get warm. Away along silent streets, where the lamps blinked sleepily at him, and the patter of his little ragged shoes awoke mysterious echoes, such as are never heard in daylight. He was quite out of breath when he reached a large enclosure, separated from the street by a high iron fence.

As he reached the iron gate that led into the garden he idly gave it a little shove, and being unlatched, it yielded to his touch and swung open. Kid paused for a moment, and then moved by an uncontrollable impulse to see what lay within he passed through it and along the wide path that led to the house. At the foot of the wide steps he hesitated, but the four French windows, with their closed venetian shutters, seemed to lure him on and he crept up on the piazza,

"Wot's acomin'?" inquired Kid of himself, his eyes growing bigger. He saw the apparition pause before the tree and look at it long and delightedly. He saw it lovingly finger the toys on the lower branches. He saw it flit from place to place and stand on tiptoe to get a better view of what was high up on the tree. Its lips moved continually, as if it were talking, though Kid could not hear a word. Then he saw it drag a chair to the mantelpiece, take something from a box on the shelf and lean over the hearth, all unconscious of the tiny flame that crept up its gown.

"By jiminy, it'll be burnt!" exclaimed Kid.

Forgetting everything but the little creature now running hither and thither, too terrified even to cry out, Kid began to batter on the window pane with all his might. It yielded at last with a crash. It was an easy matter, then, to

blood, was rolling Arthur vigorously in the hearth rug. There was smoke in the room and the chilly dawn peeped through a broken window pane. Under the impression that the Kid was abusing his son, he sprang upon that young hero and caught him roughly by the coat collar.

"He set hiself afire, an' I'm puttin' him out," gasped the Kid, lifting a startled face.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Grady had a "swell" visitor that Christmas Day. They were neither of them in a mood for visitors, but at the solicitation of a policeman, who accompanied him, graciously accorded Mr. Rankin an interview. On this occasion they, for a consideration, signed an agreement relinquishing all future claims to their only son Kid, otherwise Thomas O'Grady.

And Kid, who, by the way, is now known by a far more dignified title, has become a happy, prosperous man.

THE BOX TURTLE'S NAP.

Methuselah, the box turtle, philosopher in the garden. Two hundred years before, when Methuselah was young—for such is the great age of box turtles—he had lived in the great forest, dividing the freedom of the woods with the Indians, the wild turkeys, and the buffalo. But now the Indian and the buffalo had been driven to seek refuge in the Wild West show, the turkeys had been tamed to the farmyard and Methuselah himself had been compelled by circumstances and a strong cord to spend his declining years in a backyard of a New York city house.

The old patriarch was still sufficiently strong to dig up whole bricks, heavy stones and entire sunflower plants. Methuselah knew that it was almost time for his six-month winter nap to begin, and already his cousins, the mud turtles of whom there are many—the painted mud turtle, the map turtle, the speckled tortoise, and the diamondback terrapin—had gone into their mudholes for the winter. He knew that in the far-off forest the frost grapes must be ripe, and from time immemorial this had been the sign by which he and his forefathers had discovered when it was time to go into the earth for the winter.

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in his head, closed his shell, and settled down for good, not to wake again until the spring.

Neither Methuselah nor John nor any of their relatives took any food or drink into their winter quarters. Unlike Mr. Fox the subject of winter food does not disturb the turtle. Even the most insignificant mud turtle would scorn the weakness of wanting food, and in the spring when they come out they are as fat and vigorous as if they had been well fed all winter.

And sleep! How Methuselah and John did sleep! Nothing short of an earthquake could have waked them. Hail and sleet storms, heavy, soaking rains, were powerless to disturb them.

When the snow had melted and the

earth softened so that the crocus buds pushed their way through to light and air, John awoke one day, opened his shell and looked around him in the earth moist from the drippings of melted icicles. He stretched his neck out and began to reach upward, and presently, by steady pushing, he found himself in the garden.

Methuselah had not yet arrived. Day after day John waited for him, sitting blinking in the sun or resting comfortably underneath the bushes. But Methuselah never came again. It is thought by some of his friends that he has gone in search of the Fountain of Youth, which is said to be in the center of the earth, so that he may drink of it and live another 200 years.



A ROMAN RIDDLE.

This picture represents a great city of Italy. The persons in the picture belong to a wandering race who go from town to town. What does this race do? If you can guess this you will have the name of the city.

The answer to the last Roman riddle was Teutons (two tons).



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Dog—That won't do any good. He is one of the family now.

Pig—Before that Goat came here I lived in the parlor, and Billy Goat became Billy Goat and said he was King

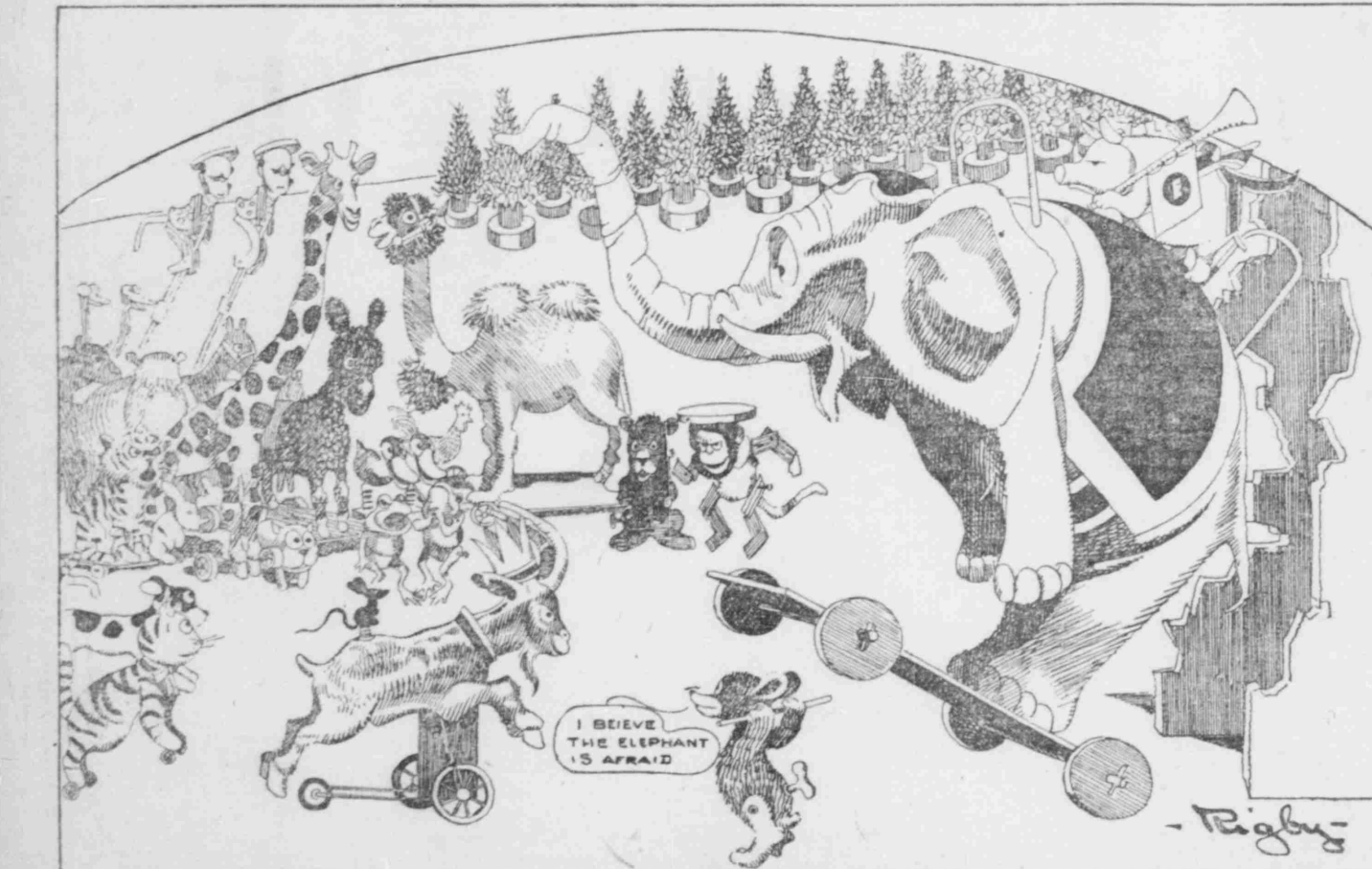
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